

FROM
HEART TO HEART

— — —
HARDENBERG

FROM
HEART TO HEART.

Poems,

BY

MARCELLA V. HARDENBERGH.

If to other hearts there float
From my heart a tone,
Echo but repeats a note
Thrilling in their own.

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FROM HEART TO HEART.

AN OLD-TIME SONG.

I love the flowers, the darling flowers !
 With a love both deep and strong,
 They bear on their breath to my lonely hours
 The voice of an old-time song,
 "Home, sweet home,"
 The bloom and the joys of my childhood's
 home.

The violet blue, the "daisy pied,"
 The wind flower, the pimpernel,
 I gathered all at my father's side,
 With primrose and cowslip bell.
 "Home, sweet home,"
 The perished joys of my childhood's home.

All summer long in my mother's room,
 Stood a box of sweet mignonette,
 Its fragrance steals like a kiss from her tomb
 Saying, "Darling, I love you yet."
 "Home, sweet home,"
 Tender and true was my childhood's home.

My lover gave me a flower one day,
 A dark velvet pansy with golden eye,
 "This is called heart's-ease," did he fondly
 say,
 "Be it thine dear love, while the years roll
 by."

"Home, sweet home,"
 Lost is the heart's-ease, broken the home!

Yet I love the flowers from the first faint flush
 Which the spring-time blossoms show,
 Till the pink rose loses her maiden blush,
 And the white rose drifts her snow.
 "Home, sweet home,"
 Dear flowers whisper still of "Home, sweet
 home!"

THE VOLUNTEER NURSE.

DURING THE YELLOW FEVER IN THE SOUTH,
 IN 1878.

Oh, shall the martyr's hallowed name
 Descend in characters of flame,
 Which on his brow immortal throw
 A radiant, never-fading glow,
 A light to which the ages turn
 With nerves that thrill, with hearts that burn,
 While martyr too, and soul divine,
 Thou hast no praise, no name, no shrine?
 Alas, my power may fail to give,
 A wreath to make thy memory live,
 But e'en to mark with transient bloom
 I lay a blossom on thy tomb.

THE VOLUNTEER NURSE.

She holds the cup of consolation in
 A hand that small and white yet trembles not,
 But bears it firmly on through pestilence

And death. Now kneeling by the stricken one,
 She lifts it to the hot discolored lips,
 Whose baleful exhalations, mingling with
 Her own sweet life, may poison it at its
 Source. All may have fled, and yet she fleeth
 Not ; but through the fever-laden southern
 night,
 Bathes the poor brow, and soothes the frenzied
 brain.
 Hers is the ear on which the last faint accents
 fall,
 And hers the hand that with a reverent gentle-
 ness
 Closes in death the filmy eyes. Her cheek
 Is paler now, her step is weak ; forth from
 Her deadly watch she comes—to die, to die
 Ah, far away from kindred and from home.
 Her grave is made where thousand victims
 plague-
 Struck lie ; like them she sleeps, unknown, for-
 got.
 Beneath the sun remains not now, one foot-
 Print of her saintly tread ; but in the martyr's
 Roll on high, appears her Heaven-recorded

Name, and when that glorious roll is called,
 She, meekly wondering, shall be numbered there
 And find for each sweet act of charity,
 A jewel added to her shining crown.

THE PRINCESS.

'Tis that sweet season of the year,
 When in her winter palace drear,
 Fair Spring from ice-bound trance awakes,
 Her robe of violet purple takes,
 And by his warm kiss wooed and won,
 With blushes comes to meet the sun.
 While leaves and blossoms gayly spread
 A carpet for her dainty tread,
 And brooks leap forth in laughing play
 To greet her on her bridal way.
 Ah, Princess bright, no tear of mine
 Shall dim thy virgin beauty's shine.
 My ear enchanted bends to meet
 The carols that thy coming greet ;
 My sad eyes turning from the tomb,

Surprised behold the world in bloom !
 Through "merrie wood," o'er flowery
 plain,
 I follow in thy festal train.
 With grateful hand I gather all
 The gems that from thy fingers fall ;
 Thy royal gifts I treasure up,
 Thy daisy star, thy golden cup.
 To me, once more a tiny girl,
 Thy dew drop is a living pearl ;
 Once more I hear in haunted dells,
 The chiming of thy lily bells,
 And deem assembling at the sound
 That elves and fairies hover round.
 How sweet again to dream them true,
 The visions that our childhood knew !
 To look on earth and common ways
 Through old romance's golden haze,
 To feel within our hearts new born
 The vivid freshness of the morn ;
 To be ourselves a part of Spring,
 With flowers to bloom, with birds to sing,
 And to thy feet, O Princess fair,
 A child's untroubled welcome bear !

A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

"Unto the poor the Gospel is preached."

Perhaps it is, not where I go,
 There are no poor ones there,
 Mine is a fashionable church,
 And has no room to spare.

Look where you will you little see,
 But velvet, silk and lace,
 There, only those who have the *means*,
 Can have the means of grace.

The gently undulating fan,
 The air with coolness fills,
 Each rustle of a silken robe,
 Some "Lubin" sweet distils.

The "miserable sinners" there,
 Sit vastly at their ease,
 And lispingly confess their sins,
 Not, "kneeling on their knees."

I sometimes read, with wondering eyes,
 This legend on the wall,
 "The rich and poor together meet,
 The Lord hath made them all."

Sunday, a woman by mistake,
 A lady, I should say,
 For though her clothes were old and worn,
 And "out of style" to-day,

Yet in her step and in her mien,
 The lady you could trace,
 And few among "our very best"
 Had so refined a face.

Well then, a lady poorly clad,
 From some poor narrow street,
 Thought on this Lord's day she would come,
 Her blessed Lord to meet.

Perhaps her heart with grief was bowed,
 More full than wont of care,
 And as of old, she comfort sought
 Within God's house of prayer.

But when she raised her downcast eyes,
 A flush came o'er her face,
 She partly turned, and seemed inclined
 To quit the holy place.

Then, as though 'to herself she said,
 "This is my Father's house,"
 She kept on softly up the aisle,
 Like timid poor church mouse:

No eye kind invitation gave,
 Where room there was to spare,
 All eyes demurely glanced askew,
 From gilded books of prayer.

Faltering, she neared the top, when lo,
 A Christian hero turned,
 And bowed her in with courtly grace,
 Whom the élite had spurned.

She was a woman, that for him
 Had been sufficient claim,
 Had come to seek his Master, then,
 Thrice welcome in His Name.

Now blessings on thy dear bald head,
 And locks just touched with gray,
 At least *one* Christian gentleman,
 Our church can boast this day !

As to myself, I always keep
 A suit fit to be seen,
 And no weak vessel would offend,
 With raiment coarse and mean.

And if my black were rusty brown,
 I hope I'd go there still,
 But Christian sister, I must own,
 'Twould be a bitter pill.

I see you sadly shake your head,
 Your brows begin to knit,
 But whisper, "Is your last year's hat
 Just—quite a pleasant fit?"

I write these lines, then turn aside,
 And deep abasement prove,
 My dearest Lord, if thus I feel,
 Oh, dare I say, "I love?"

What boots it in my Saviour's sight,
 Though costly robe adorns?
 His was a robe of mockery,
 And His a crown of thorns.

The heavy laden came to Him,
 The poor He loved to teach,
He preached the gospel to the poor,
 And left to us to preach.

Oh, throw His gates wide open,—wide,
 Let every church be free,
 And let not ostentation mock
 A brother's poverty.

If wealth must shine, then let it shine,
 At dinner, ball, or rout,
 But in the church, let no display
 Keep poorer Christians out.

Thou King of glory, who for us,
 Didst want and scorn endure,
 Cast out our pride and teach each heart,
 Its duty to Thy poor !

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

Ah, Christmas time is a merry time,
 When the heart is free from care,
 Then merrily the Christmas bells
 Ring out on the frosty air.

But all around is bright or drear,
 Seen through a smile or falling tear;
 E'en the silent snow drapes over all,—
 A bridal veil or a maiden's pall.

'Tis just three years this Christmas night,
 Since my own Love sailed away,
 His last kiss stole the rose from my lips,
 And mingled my hair with gray.
 For my heart sank down, though he left my
 side,
 Whispering, "At Christmas I'll claim my
 bride."

Alas, he lies now where the wild winds sweep,
 O'er the frozen waves of the Arctic deep!

Well, 'tis wrong to grieve this blessed day,
 When Christ to us was given,
 I must dry my eyes, and hush my sighs,
 And look for help to Heaven.
 How many a day in the dear old time,
 Did our glad hearts beat to the Christmas
 chime,
 And I know my Paul, could I hear his voice,
 Would say, "Weep not Jessie, rejoice, re-
 joice!"

Here comes little Jennie, my sister's child,
 My sister who died in her matron bloom;
 Dear motherless lamb, like warmth and light
 She has crept to my heart and brightened its
 gloom.

She knows I am sad, and with loving ways
 Will coax me to join in the children's plays,
 "Do, dear Aunt Jessie, we'll just have enough
 If you'll be the blind man in "Blind man's
 Buff."

Sweet Jessie stands now 'mid a joyous group,
 'Neath Christmas greens and berries red,
 The children cover her soft bright eyes,

The mistletoe hangs overhead.
 Away they rush with laugh and bound,
 They dodge, and dive, and circle her round.
 Deftly they glide from her fingers small,
 And shout with glee as she grasps—the wall!

A stranger has silently entered in,
 His footstep unheard in the merry din,
 He makes a sign with his brown right hand—
 The children hushed, and wondering stand—
 Swiftly he steals to the very place
 Where Jessie is pausing with downcast face.
 He has lived for this through peril and pain,
 He was saved for this from the Arctic main;
 Manly and tender he comes to her side.
 Christmas will give to the bridegroom the
 bride!

Blindfold she stands 'neath the mistletoe
 bough,
 Half tired of the little ones' play.
 Whose arms enfold her? Whose fond
 kisses fall
 On the hair early threaded with gray?

Who lifts the band from the sweet sad eyes?
 Who meets their rapture and wild surprise?
 No need to ask, for their words tell all,
 "My darling Jessie!" "Oh, Paul, my Paul!"

'Tis midnight: they lean at the window now,
 Bridegroom and bride, they have plighted the
 vow.

In silence they lift up their grateful eyes,
 Yet a prayer has sped through the starry skies.
 The blush-rose dawns on the cheek so pale,
 The pure snow looks like a bridal veil.
 Hark—the last note of the Christmas bell—
 My story is told—Sweet friends, farewell!

THE BRIDEGROOM AND THE BRIDE.

"Heirs together of the grace of life."
ENG. PRAYER BOOK.

Would I could crown thee my chosen bride,
With gold and with jewels rare,
With a diamond comb to flash beside
The blossoms that twine in thy hair.
Say dost thou love me, my darling wife,
More than the pride and the pomp of life?

She raised her eyes to her husband's face.
Oh, the love-light was fair to see,—
And said with a tender, modest grace,
"Thou art dearer than gold to me;
A kiss from thy lips, a fond word of thine,
Is more than gem from the diamond mine."

Thou hast left thy father, thy mother's
side,
Thy childhood's cloudless home,

And all the wealth of a love long tried,
In a distant land to roam;
For that far off home wilt thou never pine,
Nor grieve thou hast cast in thy lot with
mine?

"I love my father, my mother dear,
Oh, precious their love and true,
I think of them oft with a falling tear,
While, dearest, I cling to you.
For, my husband I give up all for thee,
Thou art more than father and mother to
me."

Yet once more, and my questions are done,
My doubts and fears gone by;
Holds there not one in thy heart, not one,
A higher place than I?
Answer but this, and I'll blissfully rest
With the inmost thought of my darling's
breast.

Her words, though soft as a fond caress,
Were like to a hero's of yore;
"Not that I love my husband the less,

FROM HEART TO HEART.

But I love my Saviour more."
 The bridegroom bent down her sweet eyes to
 see,
 And murmured, "My Own, through Eter-
 nity!"

THE CRIES OF THE PEOPLE.

WRITTEN DURING THE SUMMER OF 1877.

"Their cries have entered into the ears of the Lord of
 Sabaoth."—ST. JAMES.

Oh, glorious land! Rising between thy ocean
 guards,
 And reaching forth to East and West thy
 royal hands
 Laden with every treasure earth can yield;
 Nations less richly dowered, their fulness take
 from thee.
 Oh, Queen, hast thou not room and food for
 thine own sons?

I am no mover of sedition, nor lover
 Of it either. I would not have the people rush

THE CRIES OF THE PEOPLE.

With suicidal strength on Law and Order,
 those
 Fair pillars of a state, bearing with blinded
 rage the
 Temple down, perishing with those who did
 them wrong.
 No, but work, and fair remuneration for their
 toil,
 These, with firm, united voice, but law-abiding
 hand,
 Columbia's sons may claim. And when the
 People's
 Voice is raised, not in mad clamor over fan-
 cied wrongs,
 Not to blot out the lines that Heaven's own
 hand
 Hath marked, for "Order is Heaven's first
 law,"
 But when it cries for Right and Justice, then
 is the
 People's voice the voice of God, and *His* voice
 must be heard.
 To you, oh, lawgivers and men of wealth, it
 calls!

"The times are hard, we feel the pressure of
 the times,"
 You say. Do you, indeed, good Dives, even
 you,
 Resting on downy couch, wrapt in luxurious
 warmth?
 I wonder if your brother yonder feels it too, on
 Mouldy straw crouched almost nude, to spare
 his rags?
 You "feel the pressure of the times." In
 sooth your
 Table feels it too, and groans beneath the
 luxuries
 "The times" can bring. Hard you should
 have to put your
 Plump hand out to bear the dainty morsel to
 your lips.
 But you are strengthened now, your mind re-
 freshed, you can
 Come forward to descant upon "The charms of
 Abstinence," and theorize upon what slender
 Fare "the working classes" can—"recupe-
 rate;"
 Aye, that's the word. I fear "the working
 class" may

Fail to comprehend it. Oh, when I look
 abroad,
 Even I, whose vision is obstructed by the
 Barriers which birth and custom, and suffi-
 ciency
 Of food and raiment raise before it. When,
 bent on
 Some faint attempt at charity, I leave the bet-
 ter
 Portions of the town, and thread her poorer
 ways,
 'The sin, the misery that meets my view! A
 Stoic
 Would abjure his cold philosophy, a Christian
 Weep to witness them.
 I speak not now alone of those grown old in
 sin;
 Made desperate by despair, but Oh—the chil-
 dren!
 Once with a crowd I went to hear a famous
 preacher
 Plead the "Children's Cause." The orator
 was one who,
 Like his great Master, while rejecting not the
 rich

Man's feast, was oftenest found where want
 and
 Wretchedness held cruel sway. He rose to
 speak—
 Breathless we waited for his words, noting
 meantime
 The changes in his face. "His subject touch-
 es him,"
 We thought; "and will unseal the fountains
 of his
 Eloquence." "Feed — my — Lambs." The
 words fell broken
 On our ear. He clasped his hands in mute
 appeal,
 Then moved by all that he had seen and known
 Of poor uncared-for lambs, so lost, so distant
 From their Shepherd's fold, burst into tears,
 and
 Speechless stood. We all wept with him;
 naught but
 The sound of weeping could be heard through-
 out
 The holy place. The diamond ring, the costly
 brooch,
 The niggard's gold, the widow's mite, all went

To swell the gift. "The children's cause"
 was gained.
 You tell me words like mine have oft been
 said before;
 That I repeat in faintest tones, the notes that
 Trumpet-tongued have burst from worthier
 lips, and
 Echo through the world. Thank God, 'tis
 even so!
 Strange indeed, and ah, most sad, if such a
 cause
 Were left to power like mine, unskilled to
 win the ear.
 But yet the organ's melody, rising in billowy
 swell,
 Or stealing, soft as seraph's whisper, to the
 soul,
 Would sudden cease, if the poor hand that
 filled its
 Mighty lungs, should falter or refuse the
 task.
 So may my power, untaught, forgot, inspire
 With pity's breath some lofty soul, which,
 when

A wakening touch falls on the chords, shall
 pour
 Its harmony resistless forth, and thrill
 To nobler life a listening world. I know
 From many sources spring the ills I mourn.
 Foremost is "Drunkenness," foulest of Satan's
 Serpent brood, round the weak victim winding
 His stealthy coil, till manhood, feeling, life
 Itself lies crushed within the deadly folds.
 Is there no help? O, must the wretch unaided
 die?
 Must the wan babe starve at the wasted moth-
 er's breast,
 Or direr yet, O shame of womanhood, draw
 damning
 Poison from the fount of life? Must the lips
 that breathed
 Love's vow heap maddened curses on the wife?
 The hand
 That gave the ring, now strike the murderous
 blow?
 No, by our hopes eternal, *No!* Wake, Chris-
 tian hearts,
 Ye in whom power is vested, wake! "Quit
 you like men,"

"Be strong." And in this land to-day take as
 your own
 Brave Nelson's battle cry, for, not "England"
 only, but
 America "expects each man to do his duty."
 Yes, if legislators and if rich men did their
 Duty, scorning both power and party when the
 Fate of trusting millions hangs upon their ac-
 tion,
 This earth would be, though no Elysium, yet
 a world
 Where childhood's voice could rise unmixed
 with blasphemy,
 Where childhood's rounded limbs could bound
 in healthful play,
 Where "Harvest Home" would bless the poor
 man's store,
 And grateful hearts keep glad "Thanksgiving
 Day;"
 Where woman's work would meet a just re-
 ward,
 And girlhood, guarded by a happy home,
 Bloom into higher, purer womanhood.
 "The poor shall never cease from out the land,"

Thus saith the Lord, Who ordereth all things
 well ;
 He meant it for the common good, that those
 whom
 He had blessed, should share their blessings
 and
 Receive themselves an hundred fold. But that
 The poor should be the dirt beneath the horse's
 Hoofs, and wealth in gilded chariot ride
 Triumphant o'er their prostrate forms, and
 grind
 Them into nothingness ; this is not God's de-
 cree.
 Believe me, man, that you *must* answer for your
 fellow man.
 You *are* your " Brother's keeper ;" his pover-
 ty, his ignorance,
 His crime, does not exempt you from the
 charge ; his spirit,
 Like your own, claims an immortal origin. It
 Hungers for the " Bread of Life." His flesh,
 like yours,
 Would waste for lack of nourishment, his blood
 Unwarmed, would, like your own, freeze in its
 icy channels.

Have pity, give him food, food for the dying
 body,
 And beware that ye starve not the deathless
 soul !
 Have pity, or the time may come, when if ye
 Heed not now the warning voice, ye yet may
 Hear it in the hissing flames that wrap your
 Stately palaces. May God avert that day !
 But oh, have pity. Think of the dread hour
 When we must render in our last account ;
 When God, the righteous Judge, the " Strong,"
 the " Patient,"
 Angered each day, forbearing long, demands
 " Where is thy brother ?" Woe, woe if on
 the hands
 Stretched up for clemency that brother's blood
 appear.
 Therefore have pity.
 Avenging angel, yet in mercy sheathe thy
 sword,
 And give this people time for Penitence and
 Prayer !

NOTHING TO DO.

A true case, in the Summer of 1877.

Nothing to do all the winter so drear,
 Nothing to do, now the summer is here,
 We've pinched and we've saved, but with living and rent
 The few dollars laid by have been long ago spent.
 With my wife and my children, for then I had two,
 Through the frost and the snow we went starving and blue,
 Till my one little daughter, from hunger and cold,
 My lamb, my first-born, went back to the fold,
 And the sweet infant lips would say "father"
 no more,
 Nor the dear little feet run to open the door;
 Yet I thought as I sobbed at her grave in the rain,

"Thank God that my Darling is out of her pain."

Soon we owed for our rent, were put out in the snow,
 My wife and my baby with nowhere to go,
 Till a neighbor that knew us, a poor one, be sure.
 Oh how often the poor are most good to the poor!
 Gave a room in the garret she badly could spare,
 Heart-broken but thankful we clambered up there.
 We had suffered and starved, we could do nothing more,
 But to charity never owed shelter before;
 And I sat with my wife, now so wasted and white,
 And heard our babe wail through the long winter night.

We had sold all we had that was decent or neat,
 For fuel, or light, or for something to eat;
 Sold all but the ring that I put on my wife,

When we started out first in our young, happy
life ;

For she begged as she gave it with kisses and
tears

“ Ah, Charley, don’t sell it, I’ve loved it for
years,

But pledge it, who knows what next season
may bring,

When the flowers are in blossom you’ll give
back my ring.”

Well, when Winter went by, and when spring-
time came on,

Though my spirit was willing my strength was
half gone ;

But I searched through the city, I hunted all
round,

And a job at half wages I now and then found.

Till Spring passed away, and business grew
dead,

And now we must beg to find shelter and
bread.

I know it is Summer, the sky is so blue,

But Oh God, ’tis my winter, I’ve nothing to
do!

I’ve walked until my feet are sore,

I’ve begged for work from door to door,

“ The smallest job. I can turn my hand

To the meanest labor in the land.

I’ll gladly do it and work all day,

For half you would to another pay.”

And once a woman before whose door,

Was dumped a load of coal or more,

Called, “ Here, my man, if you money would
win,

I’ll give you a quarter to shovel it in.”

• So in a basket upon my back,

I carted that coal to the cellar black,

Then weak, for I had no food that day,

With a shaking hand I took my pay,

A shaking hand that made her think,

My rags and misery came from drink,

And I heard her mutter, “ What worthless
scamps,

I’m almost sick of encouraging tramps.”

Well, I have bought some milk and bread,

My starving wife and child are fed.

But I, I had no mind to eat,

Though out since dawn about the street.

I'm thirsty and sick and in such pain,
 I'm sure the hot sun has struck my brain.
 But I've hid some coppers on a shelf,
 And every cent I'll spend on myself.
 I'll spend it for drink that shall ease my pain,
 I'll never be hungry or thirsty again ;
 I'll never hear more my dying wife's sighs,
 I'll see no want in my baby's blue eyes.
 And God will take pity when I am dead,
 My wife will be cared for, my baby fed.
 When the sun has set, when 'tis dark in the
 west,
 When the two poor things have lain down to
 rest,
 I'll kiss them once more, then still as a mouse
 Slip off my shoes and steal out of the house.
 I'll buy that same drink, and as soon as I take,
 The bottle that held it, I'll drop in the lake.
 Then lie under the trees in the grass and the
 dew,
 And never fret more that I've nothing to do.

 In that beautiful park to the city so nigh
 Where he strayed with his sweetheart in sum-
 mers gone by

A gaunt corpse was found, all ghastly and laid
 Where the fine old trees make somberest shade.
 The hollow eyes strained to the heavens so blue,
 The poor thin hands cold that had nothing to
 do.
 Of his life or his story, they found no trace,
 Save his dead little daughter's sweet pictured
 face,
 And that was pressed close as though never to
 part,
 'Neath his wretched vest to his poor broken
 heart.

 I took up a "Daily," and as I glanced o'er
 The items of news that a side column bore,
 I read of his death. "On Tuesday," it said,
 "Another starved tramp in the Park was
 found dead."
 Oh, grand young Republic! O, land of the
 free!
 What's your grandeur or freedom to men such
 as he?
 You with your thousands of acres untilled,
 He ragged and homeless, uncared for, unfilled?
 Look to your children, they die in the street,
 4

In cellars, in garrets, with nothing to eat.
 You're teeming with plenty, you've riches untold,
 You're lusty and strong, but a century old.
 Stop not to gaze on the threatening masses,
 Pause not to prate of "The dangerous classes,"
 But scatter their ranks, put tools in their hands,
 Let them build your log-houses, and till your waste lands.
 There stands not to-day a man on your soil,
 With brain fit to think, or hand fit to toil,
 But whom in a half settled country like this,
 If all things went right, you most surely would miss.
 Take heed in good time to the brain and the hand,
 You may make them a terror or boon to the land.
 We shudder e'en now at each desperate deed,
 But remember, the heart is made savage by need,
 And he who sits smiling and kind at a feast,
 If starving and naked might prove a wild beast.

See, the eyes of your children are lifted to you,
 You have work for them all, give them something to do!

"YES," SHE SAID, "I AM VERY TIRED."

Yes, very tired, the day is done,
 Some rest I fain would ask;
 From early dawn to set of sun,
 I've plied my weary task,
 And now my wretched lamp must light,
 To toil through half the lonely night.

My labor such a pittance makes,
 As scarce gives daily bread,
 And yet it all the vigor takes
 From hand, and heart, and head;
 Sometimes it leaves such killing pain,
 I fear I ne'er can sew again.

Unjust and cruel is the meed
 Which men to women deal;

Man takes advantage of our need,
 And grinds with iron heel ;
 While those who should our sisters be,
 Alas—they pity less than he.

God knows, not for myself I speak,
 My work is almost done,
 But for those helpless ones and weak,
 Who still must struggle on ;
 For them with failing breath I crave,
 "Oh man, deal justly with your slave."

You scarce could guess I once was fair,
 Ah, not so long ago,
 Or that this early silvered hair
 Once wore a golden glow ;
 I had a lover, too, and he
 Saw many a fancied grace in me.

My darling's love, my mother's pride,
 Too full the rapture given,
 My lover chose a richer bride,
 My mother passed to Heaven.
 Ah, sad and sore is woman's lot,
 To weep, to work, and be forgot.

The new-born year I saw it rise
 This morn with kindling glow,
 And watched with dim unrested eyes,
 Its blushes on the snow ;
 Then said, without one sigh or tear,
 "Thank God, this is my last New Year !"

Oh, Paradise, fair Paradise,
 I see it in my dreams ;
 There bloom the flowers I used to prize,
 There glide the murmuring streams ;
 Soon shall I hear its welcome blest,
 "Come, weary heart, and take thy rest."

"FOUND DROWNED."

Stand back, ye curious, ye have gazed your fill,
 Here is no relative, no friend of yours.
 Make way, for one draws near in whose wild
 eyes

Where terror meets expectancy, I read
 A depth of anguish unapproachable.
 She bends her o'er the form that once was man;
 Ah, ruined now, yet bearing still some traces
 Of the deity. "My boy, O, God, my boy!"
 Forward she falls on the chill corse, the corse
 That yesterday was drawn from the grand river
 That sweeps by the city where her babe was
 born.

Her hands are tangled in the damp fair locks,
 The curls she used to twine, how tenderly,
 In happy pride above her darling's brow.
 That shriek, that thrilling shriek! Oh, men
 With human hearts, do ye not feel for that poor
 Mother, lying now in all the mercy of

Unconsciousness beside her murdered son?
 "Murdered?" The papers say, "by his own
 deed,

He sprang at midnight from the vessel's side,
 And madly perished in the dark cold flood."

A scrap of paper solved the mystery,
 "My mother, when this meets the dear, dear
 eyes,

Now almost blind from weeping o'er your boy,
 I shall be dead, and never more do aught
 To pierce with agony that tender heart.
 I tried—indeed, I tried—to break away,
 But 'twas no use; at every feeble step
 Temptation met me with her fiendish arts,
 And pressed the maddening wine-cup, to my
 lips.

I have no hope, no prospect of escape.
 Ah, the dark river—yes—how cool it lies
 In the pale moonlight, and I burn—one moment,
 Mother—Our Father who art in Heaven."

Ere he took the fatal leap, his spirit
 Wandered to that early time, when he had
 Prayed the Saviour's prayer, beside his moth-
 er's knee,

And when they found him, his poor hands were
clapsed,
As she had clasped them in those infant days.

Think you I fiction write to move your soul,
And gain the passing tribute of a tear?
No, heaven is my witness to its truth,
And I record it for a noble cause.
Behold the victim! Say, cries not his blood
For vengeance on the tempter's head?
On those who step to wealth on broken hearts?
Who build their palaces with mortar mixed
With tears from helpless starving orphan's
eyes?

Who pay for music with the widow's wail,
And light their dram-shops with the fires of
hell?

And yet, who court the votes of such as these,
Then give free license as a recompense?
Our judges, aye and senators. Oh! shame—
Lord God, how long wilt Thou withhold thy
hand?

Oh, rid our country of this vampire brood,
'Rase from our shining scroll the damning blot,
And bid the new-born star of Temperance rise!

NEVERMORE.

Nevermore, Ah; nevermore,
Blue unheeding sea,
May thy ripples, as of yore,
Rapture bring to me.
Little waves that come and go,
Sadness mingles with your flow.

Nevermore, Ah, nevermore,
Angry surging main,
Can thy billows as of yore,
Rouse life's stormy pain.
Greedy billows, crested brine,
Ye devour no hope of mine.

From thy passion, moody sea,
Safe as bird in rocky nest,
Calmly I look down on thee,
Noting changes on thy breast.
Yet, I sigh, Ah, nevermore,
Sounds thy music as of yore.

"I HAVE THREE DARLING LITTLE
GIRLS."

I have three darling little girls,
Who make life sweet to live,
I love them with such passing love,
As only mothers give.

And yet not each I love alike,
Though depth of love the same,
For tenderest lamb within the fold,
The gentlest care must claim.

My Rose, with eyes of saucy blue,
My Bird, my youngest one!
Has nature strong and firm and bright,
And teeming o'er with fun.

My Daisy, with her eyes of gray,
And sober stately mein,
Can calmly take the joys of life,
Or bear their loss, I ween.

But Oh, my Lily, with the eyes
Of deep pathetic brown,
Whose baby hands placed on my brow
A mother's sacred crown:

I think if I were called away,
My parting prayer would be,
"Lord, lay my Lily on my breast
And let her go with me."

For careless word, or altered tone,
Or shade of passing frown,
Can pale the cheek of faintest rose,
And fill the eyes of brown.

God shield my darlings from the blast,
In world so cold as ours,
And give me in a brighter land,
My own three precious flowers.

BERTHA'S OFFERING.

AN EASTER STORY.

An attic room where falls the light
 From one high window, warm and bright :
 A little stove, a couch, a chair,
 A stand with lamp and book of prayer :
 A picture on the wall, where smiled
 The virgin mother on her Child :
 And still, to further grace the room,
 Sweet lilies opening into bloom.
 A lowly place, yet you could tell
 "Here purity and order dwell,"
 And looking round would haply say,
 "A cell where holy heart may pray."

'Tis sunset, now, and to her home
 With weary steps has Bertha come ;
 For simple need each day demands
 The labor of her slender hands,
 And lonely life, and anxious care

Have cast a shade o'er features fair.
 She glances round her little room,
 And smiles to see the lilies bloom;
 Then bending down, her tresses meet
 And seem to kiss their petals sweet.
 "Oh, lovely flowers," we hear her say,
 "To-morrow will be Easter-day,
 When to the risen Christ we bear,
 What seems to us most dear and fair.
 My cherished blossoms I will make
 An offering for my Saviour's sake :
 And He who marked the widow's mite,
 Will not reject my lilies white."

The Easter sun, with golden rays,
 Came forth to greet the "queen of days,"
 And Bertha, from her light repose,
 At early dawn of morning rose.
 Arranged in vase of china rare,
 Sole relic of a life more fair,
 The flowers, with leaf, and scent, and bloom,
 Refined and beautified the room.
 But not less sweet, less fair than they,
 The maid who bears the gift away,
 So softly bright, so purely pale,

Herself a "lily of the vale!"
 She reached the church, 'twas gray and old,
 But rich with morning's virgin gold.
 No joyous chimes had yet been rung,
 No massive gates wide open swung.
 She entered by a low arched door
 With wreathing ivy clustered o'er.
 The ancient sexton moving there,
 With bending form and brow of care,
 No notice took of Bertha, while
 She softly trod the spacious aisle.
 With reverent hand the gentle maid
 Her lilies on the altar laid:
 "Oh, that to Thee, my God, my King,
 A worthier offering I could bring;
 But well I know, in thy dear eyes
 A willing heart is sacrifice."

As thus she stood before the shrine,
 It almost seemed the form Divine,
 Which rose above the altar fair,
 Bent down to hear the maiden's prayer.
 Now lowly drawing far apart,
 She worships with a tranquil heart,
 Till anthem grand, and organ swell,

The resurrection triumph tell,
 And o'er her rapt, uplifted soul,
 Celestial floods of music roll,
 In waves of exquisite delight
 That thrill her nerves and blind her sight.
 From arch to dome the echoes ring,
 "Dread monster, Death, where is thy sting?
 O grave, no more thy power we heed:
 The Lord is risen, is risen indeed!"
 And the full chorus burst forth then,
 "Yea, Christ is risen, Amen, Amen!"

Meantime, 'mid bloom and colors bright,
 None marked the lilies small and white;
 But Gabriel, at his Lord's command,
 With golden censer in his hand,
 Has caught their dying odors sweet,
 And borne them to the Master's feet,
 Their fragrance evermore to shed
 In blessings on the maiden's head.

A LEAF FROM A TREE.

I sat by my window one summer's day,
 And looked on the bare dry street ;
 Like sands of the desert the hot dust lay,
 'Neath the weary traveller's feet,
 And the red bricks glared in the pitiless sun,
 From the early dawn till the day was done.

All were away, but I had to remain,
 Bound down by the chains of care,
 And long, with a longing deep and vain
 For a draught of mountain air ;
 And hear, but only, alas, in dreams,
 The rustling grass and the pebbly streams.

In listless mood I lifted my eyes,
 They rested across the way
 On a single tree of most noble size,
 An elm tree, tall and gray.
 Old, but crowned with such depth of green,
 As no tree in its opening youth has seen.

Oh, prisoner, lying in damp close cell,
 Oh, traveller in desert bare,
 What would you give could your eyes but
 dwell

Like mine on a sight so fair ?
 What would you give could you listen now
 To the chirp of the bird in the swaying bough ?

My heart was lighter, less sad my thought,
 And I glanced from time to time,
 At the noble tree which a lesson taught,
 As I wove my thought into rhyme ;
 And I look since then in the dullest scene,
 For a singing bird, or a leaf of green.

“SEND A MESSAGE O’ER THE SEA.”

“He lay for hours as if unconscious, but just as the first gray beams of morning stole into the room, he raised his eyes to the friend who had been lovingly watching him all night. ‘Send a message of my death over the sea,’ he faintly said. These were almost his last words.”

“SEND A MESSAGE O’ER THE SEA.”

There stood a youth and maiden,
One summer evening sweet,
Where waves with sorrow laden,
Came rippling to their feet.
The maiden cried, “My darling,
When thou art far from me,
Oh, send to cheer my sadness,
A message o’er the sea.”

He tenderly bent over
The eyes with sorrow wet,
“Think not thy own true lover,
His love can e’er forget.

Soon to my heart’s best treasure,
Shall gaily come from me,
To tell of fame and fortune,
A message o’er the sea.”

How often, lonely hearted,
She wandered on the shore,
Where from her love she parted,
Ah, many a day before,
While with the wild waves’ music,
The words would mingled be,
“Alas, there comes no message,
No message o’er the sea !

A stranger youth was lying,
Upon a foreign strand ;
All night I watched him dying,
And held his wasted hand ;
Just as the day was breaking,
He turned his eyes to me,
I caught his last faint whisper,
“A message o’er the sea.”

Her cheek from hope’s declining,
Grew pale as winter snow,

Her amber locks so shining,
 No more in beauty flow.
 The name "Christine," is graven,
 Where summer roses be;
 It came, but crushed the lily,
 That message o'er the sea.

MY GARDEN.

To choose a plot, a garden plot,
 This summer eve I've been,
 And found a spot, a lovely spot,
 Where all is fresh and green.

With a little hedge of hawthorn white,
 Fenced in shall my garden be,
 Its fragrant bloom and berries bright,
 Were in childhood dear to me.

The violet shy, the primrose fair,
 Shall bloom in that shady spot,
 With a little cluster here and there
 Of the blue forget-me-not.

Ivy that brightens the ruin old,
 Shall trail o'er one lowly bed,
 And pansies dark, with their eyes of gold,
 Keep watch that no foot may tread.

Oft shall I think with a feeling of rest,
 In the sultry noontide hours,
 Of the quiet garden, cool and blest,
 Where I shall lie with the flowers.

Dear friends, dear friends, whom I love of old,
 Come not o'er my couch to weep,
 Drop not a tear on the flower-clad mould,
 Where I lie in restful sleep,

But lean o'er my garden and softly say,
 "Till thy slumber is o'er, farewell."
 For I know, I know we shall meet one day
 With a rapture no tongue can tell.

THE MAID WHO LOVES HER CAT.

O, I remember, when a girl,
 With home and parents blest,
 When thousand rays of household love
 Made sunshine in my breast,
 How I, a careless, happy elf,
 With other girls would chat,
 And laugh to see a lonely maid
 Caress and pet her cat.

"How better far," we used to say,
 "How more like nature's plan,
 Had she in summer made her hay,
 And wed some nice young man."
 Alas, bereft of youthful charms,
 Grown lean or monstrous fat,
 She wastes a useless heap of love
 Upon a wretched cat.

'Tis true, it opes its sleepy eyes,
 And gives a lazy purr,

And rubs against her fondling hand,
 Its coat of well-kept fur.
 But oh, a baby's sweet caress,
 How dearer far than that,
 She must be badly off for love,
 To prize it in a cat!

Well, mine have been the dearest ties,
 I've drunk the wine of life,
 Have had fond hearts to sympathize,
 And been a happy wife;
 And lips were fondly pressed to mine,
 And pulses quickly beat,
 And at my coming eyes would shine
 With light more soft and sweet.

Exulting in my gems of love,
 I counted them apart,
 Then gathered with a miser's hand,
 And hid them in my heart.
 Alas! each dear, each priceless gem
 Fell from its place away,
 And but the scar its pressure made,
 Is in my heart to-day.

Now when I reach my quiet room,
 No human breast is stirred,
 Yet notes most sweet my footsteps greet,
 And happy is my bird.
 With rapture thrills his tiny frame,
 From bill to feather tips,
 And pretty head through shining bars,
 Is pressed to touch my lips.

You cannot guess how sad and lone,
 My pleasant room would be,
 If when I came my bird were flown,
 And naught to welcome me.
 Ah, I have dearly learned to prize
 E'en welcome poor as that,
 And view with sympathetic eyes
 The maid who loves her cat.

THE TWINS.

I have two little nieces,
 Both very dear to me,
 Twin lilies just unfolding,
 And like as like can be.

One is my godchild Jocelyne,
 For short they call her "Jo,"
 It puzzles little mother's self,
 Her twins apart to know.

"Come here, and sit upon my lap,
 And kiss me, darling Jo ;"
 She comes, and smiling archly, says,
 "I'm Georgie, don't you know ?"

"Well, run and bring your sister here,
 For I must shortly go ;
 Ah, Georgie, you are quickly back ;"
 "Ha, ha, my name is Jo !"

Now stand together, little ones,
And let me well compare ;
The same in height, the same in size,
The same in eyes and hair ;

The same without one varying line
From golden head to feet,
'Twould stagger wise King Solomon
To name those blossoms sweet.

May Christ, who ever knows his own,
Make them their Shepherd know,
And keep, twin lambs within His fold,
My Georgie and my Jo.

"MAKE BELIEVE."

Stretched on a bank of roses slept
A child surpassing fair,
Upon his alabaster brow
Lay rings of golden hair.

One dimpled hand was 'neath his cheek,
And one clasped to his side
A tiny bow, of sylvan make,
With arrows well supplied.

I never loved a child before
With love so swift, so deep,
He looked so calm, so innocent,
Wrapt in his rosy sleep.

I bent to kiss his dewy lips,
His breath was like the May,
His infant grace so took my eyes
I could not choose but stay.

While gazing thus, the boy awoke,
And with a seeming start,
He drew an arrow to his bow,
And pierced me to the heart.

"Deceitful child!" I parting, cried,
"Who could such slumber feign,
Oh, draw thine arrow from my heart,
And make me free again!"

I caught his laugh of mocking glee,
His words of triumph bold,
"Ha, Cupid loves to wound a heart
That boasts of being cold!"

PEARLS.

Diver, bring me from the brine,
Goodly pearls and rare,
Fit on monarch's brow to shine,
Or deck a lady's hair.

Diamond flash or ruby beam,
Ask I not of thee,
Only modest pearls that gleam
From the orient sea.

Simple pearls and lilies white,
May my darling wear,
They, like her, are pure and bright,
But not half so fair.

THIS WIFE OF MINE.

'Tis scarce a year, 'tis scarce a year,
 In bands that love did twine,
 I brought her home, so sweet so dear,
 This bonny wife of mine !

Her voice was soft as cooing dove,
 Her eyes with smiles did shine,
 A very atmosphere of love
 Enclosed this wife of mine.

How gladly in those bridal days,
 Did I each friend resign,
 And 'neath the honeymoon's sweet rays
 Sit with this wife of mine.

I'm sure I love her quite as much,
 As when that moon did shine,
 But never did I witness such
 An altered wife as mine !

Now if I o'er my paper dose,
 Or with a neighbor dine,
 Oh, what a cloudy brow she shows,
 This pettish wife of mine !

I just at breakfast chanced to say,
 "My mother's cakes were fine,
 I'll bring her over here some day
 To teach this wife of mine ;"

When off she rushed across the floor,
 And without word or sign,
 She left the room and banged the door,
 This once sweet wife of mine.

She always wants to have her way,
 Or else will pout and pine,
 She quite forgets that to "obey"
 She vowed, this wife of mine.

Now while I write this simple page,
 And groan o'er every line,
 She's locked up in a towering rage,
 This teasing wife of mine.

I paused—there fell upon my hair,
 In pressure warm and fine—
 A little hand, and she stood there,
 This wilful wife of mine !

A voice that shook from tears unshed,
 Sighed “ Yes, the fault is mine,
 I’ve bending o’er your shoulder read
 About this wife of thine.

Yet think how long you made me reign,
 As queen by right divine,
 And how the merest change may pain
 This foolish wife of thine.”

I stopped her ere her words were o’er,
 Her waist my arm did twine,
 I inly vowed that nevermore
 I’d grieve this wife of mine.

I said, my Lucy, on each part,
 Some faults I could define,
 Each must forbear, each school the heart,
 Oh, precious wife of mine !

Now such a compact we will make,
 And keep, by help divine,
 Forbearing, for each other’s sake,
 Oh, darling wife of mine.

’Tis fifteen happy years ago,
 Since we that pledge did sign,
 I challenge any man to show
 A sweeter wife than mine !

 ROSE GERANIUM.

I opened a book the other day,
 It an old-time friend had been,
 Pressed dry between the pages lay
 A leaf of faded green.

Its fragrance faint with a breath of pain,
 O’erflowed the fount of grief,
 And ’ere I was ’ware my tears like rain
 Dropped on the faded leaf.

And so it is that we calmly go,
 To pleasure or daily task,

While the sky above and earth below
Seem tranquil as heart can ask.

But we chance to pass through a crowded
street,
Where flowers are set for sale,
Ah, the sudden sigh of a blossom sweet,
Has caused our cheek to pale.

Or we catch the simple, tender strain
Of a wandering minstrel's art,
Lo, music of old has waked up again,
Thrilling the chords of our heart.

We see no more the morning skies,
We feel not the vernal glow,
For memory's tears have filled our eyes,
From depths of "The Long Ago."

"ELSIE GRAY."

She sat beneath the orchard blooms,
Her young head bowed with care,
Like flecks of snow the blossoms fell,
Unheeded on her hair.

"I'm older now, more calmly I
Can take life's share of woe,
But Oh, 'tis hard, 'tis hard in youth,
To bear the first great blow!"

She started when the wedding chimes
Rang out from village bell,
To other hearts they spoke of joy,
To hers—"Farewell, farewell!"

'Twas Spring through all the happy land,
'Twas Spring to bird and spray,
'Twas Spring-time, counting by her years,
To lovely Elsie Gray.

But when such tears of anguish fall,
 When break such bitter sighs,
 Then fades the bloom from dewy morn,
 The light from vernal skies.

We quaffed till then life's cup of bliss,
 We scarce believed in woe,
 We shrinking press the other cup,
 And now life's sorrow know.

She is not one to lay her down
 In idle grief to die,
 But Ah, in Elsie's heart the Spring
 Has gone forever by.

"JOY IN HEAVEN."

One night, some years ago, I spent the hours
 With a sick friend, whose parting breath, ex-
 haled

To heaven 'twixt light and dawn, just as the
 Herald sunbeam bid the last fair star
 Sink from the coming splendor of the day.
 My heart was sad, for I had lost a jewel
 That I ill could spare, from the small casket
 Which contained my gems. And yet I knew it
 Was not lost, but only, like the morning star,
 Absorbed from sight into the radiancy
 Of Heaven. Homeward I went, the city
 Slumbered on, no sounds of busy traffic broke
 The closing stillness of its mighty rest.
 The few faint wreaths of smoke that upward
 curled,
 Seemed but the vapor of its sleeping breath.
 My way lay by a lonely alley, where
 Some ruined buildings and a damp dead wall

Hid their unsightly misery from the crowd.
 Just as I passed I heard a sob, and turning
 Saw a woman leaning against the wall.
 Her eyes were dim, her cheeks were pale, yet
 Here and there, oh, pitiful, some traces bore
 Of the false rose that mocked their ghastliness.
 Trembling she stood and with one small thin
 hand,
 Gathered her tawdry drapery closer round ;
 The other, though her white lips gave no sound
 Was stretched to warn me back, and all her
 Deprecating deep despair uttered the
 Leper's self-accusing, bitter cry. How could
 I pass her by ? so young, so desolate.
 Nearer I drew and spoke some pitying words ;
 Then seeing that she shook in the chill air,
 Took a warm mantle from my arm and wrapt
 It round her shivering form. This was too
 Much for her. At once burst forth a wailing
 Gush of tears ; down she knelt, low at my feet,
 And catching my hand, kissed it and pressed it
 To her broken heart. Need you I tell her tale
 Of weakness and of wrong ? Ten thousand such,
 Untold on earth, are registered in Heaven.

I took her to my home, a lonely home,
 Where none might ban action or word of mine.
 For weeks I tended her, seeking to draw
 The arrow from her quivering heart ;
 But no, it was the shaft of Death. From day
 To day her spirit whitened in the dawning
 Light of near Eternity. All that was stained
 and
 Worthless fell away, till naught encompassed
 her
 But the pure robe—His robe—of spotless right-
 eousness.

Oh, ye who trained your child in ways of
 Truth,
 Be comforted ; the day has come when what
 Seemed lost or ruined is restored. And seed
 Which your fond hands have sown in tender
 youth,
 Has burst the dark defilement of its tomb,
 And ripened for the Master's golden sheaves.
 Quickly the Reaper came, and as she felt
 The chill of his unerring stroke, a smile,
 The first that I had seen, stole to the poor

Young face, and lingering there, told us life's
Cruel wrongs and wearying pains were o'er.

Surely in each true woman's heart is born
A deathless love of Purity. And when
The grieving angel lifts his snowy wings,
And leaves the desecrated shrine, he bears
With him the woman's hope and happiness.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

"That was not love which went."—GERMAN SONG.

My own dear love, my only one,
My trusted and my tried,
Upon our golden wedding day,
Again thou art my bride.

The few who knew us both in youth
Came in and clasped our hand ;
The two sweet blossoms of our love
Bloom in a fairer land.

And we are left content alone,
My own old wife and I,
To sit on this our bridal eve
Beneath the summer sky.

O love, true love, counts not by years,
It knows no change, no blight,
It throws o'er every deepening shade
Its own immortal light !

I hold thy faithful hand in mine,
 Upon thy cheek I gaze,
 And slowly through its paleness blooms
 The rose of bridal days.

I gently kiss thy soft white hair,
 Then dark as raven's wing,
 And to my eyes again it wears
 The lustrous gloss of spring.

I brought thee to no stately home,
 A social queen to be,
 But thou hast made this lowly cot
 A palace fair to me.

Yet ours has been a changeful life,
 With many a struggle tried,
 It is no rosy, easy lot,
 To be a poor man's bride.

But love, such love as fills our heart,
 Could bear severest strain;
 It bent beneath each bitter blast,
 But rose more strong again.

Would we could sit beneath the tree,
 The tree with blossoms white,

Where we sat fifty years ago,
 Upon our bridal night.

The tender leaves in kisses sweet,
 Were meeting o'er our head,
 The royal night, from jewels bright,
 Her beams of beauty shed,

While God's own blessing from on high
 Dropped down with summer dew,
 To keep our love through coming years
 Unchanged, and fresh, and true.

The seat is gone, the tree is dead,
 With all its bloom of snow,
 But deeper, stronger is the love
 Of fifty years ago.

For us, there is no parting hour,
 We still shall love as now;
 The marriage registered in Heaven,
 Forever keeps its vow.

PART· II.

SACRED POETRY.

But what have I my Lord to bring ?

Ah, well it is for me

That in love's poorest offering

He richest gift can see,

And deem the humblest wild flower sweet

If love but lay it at His feet.

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

(Suggested by a celebrated Picture.)

The sun had neared his setting. 'Neath the
cliffs

Of Galilee's blue sea the little ships were
Moored in safe repose, and the deep waters,
Which 'ere long should bear the footprints of
the

Incarnate God, lay hushed, as waiting for
His coming tread. Only on Hermon's height
And Tabor's Mount, and on the hills that closed
Round Nazareth, the western glory lingered
still.

A home there was, girt by those circling hills,
Where lowly dwelt a mother and her son.
The mother's face was pale but beautiful,
Yea, saintly in its pure repose, like that
Of one who in each change of joy or grief,
Had in submission bowed her gentle head,

Saying, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."
 Her son, as resting from his daily toil,
 Stood leaning at the open door. His seamless
 Robe, poor but spotless, fell in simple folds
 Down to his sandalled feet. Weary he seemed,
 And sad, yet not with sadness born of earthly
 Care, for in the depths of his soft eyes such
 Pity mingled with the pain, as but *one*
 Love—Love Infinite—could know.

The evening meal was spread, and now in
 prompt

Obedience to his mother's voice, he raised
 His drooping form, and stretched in weariness
 His hands. Just then the parting sunlight
 streamed

Into the humble room, and falling on the
 Wall behind him threw—The Shadow of a
 Cross—

Oh, Son of God! the Maker, the Redeemer
 Of our earth, we know Thee now! We might
 have

Missed thee in the noon-tide blaze, but in the
 Shadow of the Cross which falls on every
 Life that would be Thine, we trace the dark-
 ness

Of thine own, and seeing it, we meekly lift
 Our burden up, to tread with faltering feet,
 But steadfast will, the path of sorrow which
 Our Master trod.

"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD."

ST. JOHN.

Oh, if thy heart be glowing
 With love for Jesus' name,
 What care art thou bestowing
 Upon thy brother's claim?

Go forth and tell the story
 Which made thy Saviour sweet,
 Thy words may lead to glory
 Another's erring feet.

Pluck as a brand from burning,
 The soul in direst need,
 All wrath to meekness turning
 By Christ-like word and deed.

Reach down thy hand, though purest,
 To take the hand of toil;
 The vilest or the poorest
 Will leave on thine no soil.

No, but its blood-bought whiteness,
 The heart defiled may gain,
 And turn to Him whose brightness
 Hath neither spot nor stain.

Dear Lord, our selfish coldness
 No sacrifice would make,
 Teach us with love and boldness
 To labor for Thy sake.

ST. PETER'S TEARS.

ST. LUKE xxii. 61, 62.

Deep sobs of anguish shook his frame,
 And woke the stillness round,
 His brow was pressed in burning shame
 Upon the chill damp ground ;
 And wrung as if from deadly pain,
 His bitter tears fell down like rain,
 While words burst forth without control
 From the wild tumult of his soul.

"Oh, weak in proof, but strong in pride,
 How vain thy vaunted power,

Deserter from thy Master's side,
 In danger's searching hour ;
 Thine was the boast and thine the lie,
 "Though all forsake, yet will not I."
 Alas, my vows, my love forgot,
 Recreant I've sworn "I know Thee not."

"I know Thee not!" Thou who didst still
 The heaving waters of the deep,
 And by thine own Almighty will
 Didst lull the winds to sleep ;
 And when to meet my Saviour God
 Upon Tiberias' wave I trod,
 Thy love upheld my sinking faith,
 And made me victor over death.

How could I say "I know Thee not!"
 I who have seen thy midnight tears,
 And shared thy cheerless, homeless lot
 Through wandering, toilsome years,
 And viewed thy holy, spotless life,
 Unstained by sin, unmoved by strife !
 Yet 'neath the Tempter's power I fell—
 I who have known and loved thee well !

"*Have* loved thee well ! Oh, Thou dost see
 The throbbings of this tortured breast,
 'Tis full, my Lord, of love to Thee,
 Though weak and sin-opprest ;
 Now by the memory of that look
 Which all my soul with sorrow shook,
 Oh Lamb of God, my guilt forgive
 And bid thine erring creature live !"

He ceased :—the pardoned one arose,
 With humble heart and firm resolve,
 And forth into the world he goes
 To prove his penitence and love.
 To suffer for his Master's name,
 To bear his cross, despising shame ;
 A record bright to future years
 How sweet the fruit of bitter tears.

A CRYING SIN.

It is the solemn Lenten time,
 When from the world apart,
 We Christians should review our life,
 And try our inmost heart.

Before Jehovah's searching sight,
 All guilty we must be,
 But yet I think our crying sin
 Is lack of charity.

Proud Pharisees, we thank the Lord,
 We not as others seem,
 Our glass can magnify the "mote,"
 But quite o'erlook the "beam."

Is our own garb so undefiled,
 Our heart so white within,
 That we can draw our robes aside,
 And spurn the child of sin ?

Can we stand up with spotless hands,
 Pass sentence on another,
 Unpitied lift the murderous stone
 And slay an erring brother?

If Christ such mercy showed to us,
 As we to others show,
 How swift would be our punishment,
 How sure would be our woe!

Lord, in the holy Lenten time,
 Teach us our guilt to see;
 Oh send, most needed of all gifts,
 The grace of Charity.

ONE NAME.

"Grace be with all those who love our Lord Jesus
 Christ."—ST. PAUL.

I love my Church,—if these were days,
 For such a love to die,
 Then I could face the deadly blaze,
 Or axe uplifted high.

With noble martyrs, saints of old,
 Could join my humble name,

And die exulting, as they died,
 Our God, our Church, the same.

I joy to think the time draws on,
 When to earth's utmost part,
 Our God will make His people one,
 In worship as in heart.

But that all those who think not so,—
 Yet serve our Lord Divine,
 Must wholesale to perdition go—
 This is no creed of mine.

Ho, sailor on life's stormy sea,
 Ho, soldier in the field,
 Bear you Christ's flag above your ship?
 His cross upon your shield?

Then take my hand, my heart is yours,
 Our Captain is the same,
 And this our bond of brotherhood,
 "We love one precious Name."

THOU SON OF DAVID.

"Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me."—ST. MARK.

"If I perish, I perish."—ESTHER.

Lord, I come in grief and dread,
Dust and ashes on my head,
I who sinned and wandered long,
Knew the right yet chose the wrong,
Wilful turned my steps astray,
From the strait and narrow way ;
Son of David, hear my cry,
Jesus, pass not coldly by !

If Thou ask for my request,
I will bare my guilty breast,
Saying, Lord, in every part,
Cleanse and sanctify my heart,
Till thy pure and holy eyes,
Turn not from the sacrifice.
Son of David, hear my cry,
Jesus, pass not coldly by !

If I perish it shall be
Seeking mercy, Lord, from Thee ;
Is thy love not meant for such ?
May not I Thy sceptre touch ?
See me, poor, and weak, and blind,
Saviour, wilt Thou prove unkind ?
Son of David, hear my cry,
Jesus, pass not coldly by !

O, He draws in pity near,
Comes my broken heart to cheer,
Bids the eyes, with weeping dim,
Turn in trembling faith to Him ;
On their weak uncertain sight,
Gently pours celestial light ;
David's Son has heard my cry,
Jesus moves not coldly by !

Ever, to my latest day,
Kneeling at his feet I'll pray,
Ever in my joy or woe,
To my precious Saviour go ;
And in death, that prayer the same,
Shall my faltering accents frame,
Son of David, hear my cry,
Jesus, pass not coldly by !

CHRIST ON MOUNT OLIVET.

"Every man went unto his own home. Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives."

The setting sun o'er Syria's sky,
 Had flung each varied hue,
 His gorgeous banners streaming high
 Athwart a field of blue.
 Soon will the silver moonbeams shine,
 O'er peaceful homes in Palestine.

On Olive's Mount, deserted now,
 The Saviour lonely stands,
 The marks of care are on His brow,
 And toil-worn are His hands.
 He to her nest the wild bird led,
 But has not where to lay His head.

Alone He prays the live-long night,
 Beneath the olive trees,

While o'er Him falls the white moonlight,
 While round Him sighs the breeze.
 And angels, watching from the skies,
 Bend o'er their Lord with pitying eyes.

No tongue can tell what thoughts have power
 To move as thus He kneels,
 What anguish in the midnight hour
 His human nature feels,
 He on whose sacred head are hurled
 The guilt and ruin of a world.

Poor earthly mourner, if at night,
 Thine eyes be wet with tears,
 If in thy future life no light,
 No cheering hope appears,
 Look up—Thy Lord does not forget
 His own lone watch on Olivet.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE

OF THE CATHEDRAL OF THE INCARNATION,
GARDEN CITY, JUNE 28, 1877.

"And he shall bring forth the head stone thereof with shoutings, crying, 'Grace, grace unto it.'"—ZEC. iv. 7.

They are building our temple, this day at noon
Shall a glorious work be done,
In the month of the roses, beautiful June,
'Neath the glow of her golden sun.
The corner-stone shall rest in its place
Mid anthems of triumph and shouts of grace!

"The City of Churches," her greeting sends,
It is borne with lightning speed,
Where "The Garden City," her fragrance
lends

With incense to crown the deed.
May the "Widow's God" dry the widow's tears
And prosper her work through the coming
years.

May the temple be built, the blessing of Heaven
Forever enrich the place,
May the cunning hand and the skill be given
To rear it in strength and grace,
'Till its arches spring, and its spire uprise,
With the lifted cross to the bending skies.

"PRO CHRISTO ET ECCLESIA ET LIT-
ERIS HUMANIS."

Inscription on the corner stone of St. Paul's School, laid in
Garden City, June 28, 1879.

"Pro Christo," yes, Oh Christ, for Thee
This corner-stone we lay,
In thy dear name, for thy dear sake
We gather here to-day,
With hearts uplifted, at thy feet
To lay a tribute "right and meet."

"Et Ecclesia," Oh Bride of Christ,
His love, His chosen one,
E'en as this work for Him we do,
For Thee 'tis also done.
In bonds no mortal hand may sever
Christ and his Church shall stand forever.

"Et Literis Humanis," yes,
 For here our children brought,
 True knowledge human and divine,
 Shall evermore be taught.
 Religion, Science, here combined
 Shall warm the heart and clear the mind.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. J. W. DILLER, D.D.

"He was not, for God took him."

It matters not, on land or sea,
 Where saint of God expires,
 On couch of peace or wrapt like thee
 In life devouring fires,

Which as they near and nearer came,
 And yet more closely pressed,
 Flashed into chariot of flame
 And bore thee to thy rest.

My father dear, Ah not for thee,
 These tears of sorrow rain,

For death to thee is victory,
 And loss to us, thy gain.

E'en as they fall I feel thy hand
 Laid softly on my head,
 And hear thy gentle sweet command,
 "No tears for thee to shed."

Yet many a day the Church must weep,
 Her faithful son and priest,
 And dear and green his memory keep,
 At holy fast and feast.

For ever in her good old ways,
 With steadfast feet he trod,
 And walked in these degenerate days,
 As Enoch walked—with God.

Oh loving heart, so true, so kind,
 Oh hand so warm, so free,
 Where shall we turn again to find
 A guide, a friend like thee!

OUR FLAG.

"IN HOC SIGNO."

Soldiers, forward—Our banners wave,
 Hark, the trumpet calls once more,
 We must fight this day our flag to save .
 As never we fought before.

That flag has for ages our army led,
 No soldier could brook its loss,
 'Tis dyed in the blood our Captain shed,
 'Tis stamped with His holy cross.

When our strength is weak, and the foe so fierce
 We sink ere the fight is o'er,
 Then He lifts up the hands the nails did pierce,
 We spring to His side once more !

Oh, glad is the song that our army sings,
 As after the battle it waits,
 Heaven with the shout of our triumph rings,
 As we file through the pearly gates !

"HIM THEY SAW NOT."

On, on with our flag to the great white throne,
 March on through the golden street,
 To Him be the glory, to Him alone,
 Lay all at our Captain's feet.

Joy, joy for us that our warfare is o'er,
 That ours is this blissful land,
 Ten thousand cheers, and ten thousand more,
 For the grasp of our Captain's hand !

"HIM THEY SAW NOT."

"They had seen a vision of angels, but Him they saw not."

Angel visions, pure as snow,
 Bright as mortal thought may know,
 Naught to me is glad or fair,
 If my Saviour be not there.

Lowest deep and darkest night,
 Bitter waters, blinding sight,
 Sinking I could life resign,
 If my Saviour were but mine.

Greenest palm the victor bears,
 Richest crown archangel wears,

Heaven would be no Heaven to me,
My Saviour, if I found not Thee.

Then, since inmost wish and thought,
With my love for Thee are fraught,
Bend, Oh, bend thy gracious ear,
Saviour, my petition hear,

"Take all else, but grant me this,
As my fullest, dearest bliss,
Perfect love, and lowest seat,
Blesséd Saviour, at thy feet."

LOVEST THOU ME?

Lovest thou me? Through weal and woe,
Unchanged, unflinching wilt thou go,
When life is dark and all is drear,
Wilt thou love on 'midst grief and fear?

Lovest thou me? Whate'er betide,
Wilt thou stand steadfast at my side?
When friends forsake long tried and true,
Wilt thou not turn and leave me too?

Lovest thou me? When o'er thy head
The shades of death's dark valley spread,
Then canst thou every care resign
And fearless leave thy hand in mine?

My Lord, thy threefold question moves,
The soul which trembles while it loves;
Weakness is mine, but thine the power
To aid me in each trying hour.

"FAR BETTER."

"To depart and be with Christ, which is far better."—
ST. PAUL.

"Far better," yes, I can conceive
How infinitely better,
From things that burden, things that grieve,
To burst each galling fetter;
Our free unshackled wings to spread
And rise to Christ our risen Head.

"Far better," yes, than earthly joys,
Which break our hearts to miss,
Like children o'er their broken toys,
Who know no higher bliss;

Still holding on with clinging clasp
To idols crumbling in our grasp.

"Far better," yet I would not ask,
For days more brief or few,
While Christ has here one humble task,
My willing hands can do :
Whate'er my Master's own decree,
"Far better," is my soul for thee.

PEACE.

"Unto me, therefore, all things are to be committed;
but do thou keep thyself gently at peace, and let go the un-
quiet, to be as unquiet as they will."—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

Let it go, why dost thou worry ?
Over-care is not for thee,
Worldly strife, vexatious hurry,
Little with thy creed agree :
Bid all restless thoughts depart,
Patient, quiet, keep thy heart.

Earth's unquiet sons and daughters,
Live in anxious, wild turmoil,

But the mire of troubled waters
Ne'er the Christian soul should soil.
Heaven leans o'er thee, blue and fair,
Let thy heart find comfort there.

Little chance hast thou of winning
'Gainst the wise man's worldly might,
If thou wouldst not stoop to sinning
And with carnal weapons fight.
God, thy cause well understands,
Leave it in His powerful hands.

Pilgrim thou, and earthly treasure
Must not lure thy steps astray,
Purest joy, unpalling pleasure,
Meets thee on thine upward way ;
Sparkling waters, pastures sweet,
Oft the weary pilgrim greet.

Thine the sunshine, fairest, clearest,
Thine the hope no grief can dim,
Christ gives all things, best and dearest,
If thou only trust in Him :
Let thy dark forebodings cease,
"Gently keep thyself at peace."

THE RAINBOW.

"I do set my bow in the cloud."

*St. Peter's Church, Brooklyn, 2nd Sunday after Trinity,
1880.*

When from the ark at God's command,
Our rescued fathers came,
And prostrate on the welcome land
Adored Jehovah's name ;
How sweet to weary hearts the scene,
The dawning bloom, the tender green.

For earth without one earthly stain,
One shade on leaf or flower,
Had risen baptized, and pure again
As in her primal hour ;
And smiled before man's happy eyes,
Once more a virgin Paradise.

While fell to make the bliss secure,
A promise from our God,
That while the earth and skies endure
Should be no second flood.

And He in pledge of truth divine,
Would set in Heaven a radiant sign.

Ere-long from couch of softest blue,
The storm king rose in might,
And tossing off his mantle threw
Its sable o'er the light.
The thunder rolled, the angry rain,
Remorseless tore the flowery plain.

But Noah stood, unmoved, serene,
Amid his trembling band,
He, who alone, had righteous been
In all a guilty land.
In steadfast faith, his lifted eyes,
Watched for God's token in the skies.

It came at last—the scroll unrolled,
In sevenfold beauty drest,
Reflecting back the burning gold
Outcropping in the West.
And God in every kindling hue,
Was writing out his promise true.

The Patriarch slowly raised his hand,
Then bent his aged head,

While pointing to the symbol grand
 No single word he said.
 For, arched o'er parting clouds on high,
 God's bow of mercy spanned the sky !

O, Father, when our life is dark,
 No light above, below,
 Make us poor wanderers from the ark
 Thy changeless truth to know.
 'Till to our raptured gaze is shown,
 The emerald rainbow round Thy throne !

BEREAVED.

No, there beats not a heart on earth like my
 own,
 So torn, so broken with sorrow,
 The light of its life all darkened and gone,
 No hope of a dawn on the morrow.
 Oh, mothers, look there on that little white bed,
 Where—my God, can I bear it ? my baby lies
 dead !

Dear, dear little fingers, so dimpled and still,
 Are your loving caresses all o'er ?

Oh, darling small feet, like marble so chill,
 Shall I hear your sweet patter no more ?
 A widow, and childless, unfriended, and poor,
 What more can the heart of a woman endure ?

Oh, Jesus, my baby, so helpless and weak,
 Has gone from my breast all alone,
 My poor little lamb, wilt Thou tenderly seek,
 And comfort, and keep him thine own,
 Till I find him again, Oh, Shepherd Divine !
 On a bosom e'en fonder and truer than mine ?

ONLY.

Only, white ribands to show,
 The anguish shut in by that door,
 Only, white rosebuds to blow,
 In hands that can grasp them no more.

Only, a small golden head,
 And sweet lips that move not again,
 Only, a baby lies dead,
 Yet life is a deep, yearning pain.

Only, the poor wounded heart,
 To lay at the Great Healer's feet,

And find all its longing and smart
Made patient, and tenderly sweet.

Only, a glimpse at the fold,
Where we know to their angels is given,
The bliss to forever behold,
"The face of their Father in Heaven."

"IN PACE."

Busy hands upon her breast,
Folded and still,
Weary feet that might not rest,
Moveless and chill.

Heavy eyes that waked to tears,
Sealed in death,
Throbbing bosom filled with fears,
Stirred by no breath.

Thorny path no longer trod,
Forgotten sighs,
Through suffering led by God,
To Paradise.

THE GRAVE.

Bury them, the withered flowers,
Ne'er to bloom again,
Blossoms of life's sunny hours
Blighted by life's pain ;
Miser's gold nor jewels fair,
Only earthly joys lay there.

Lay them 'neath no costly stone,
Wrought by sculptor's art,
Make their quiet grave alone,
In a human heart :
Where no worldly jar or sound,
Breaks the stillness brooding round.

At its head the holy Cross,
You may fitly place,
Christ hath sanctified my loss,
By His saving grace :
Therefore, plant I o'er the spot
Heartsease and forget-me-not.

Oft at night, when moonbeams fair,
 O'er the blossoms creep,
 To that grave will I repair,
 Nor murmur though I weep:
 Green shall be the turf for years
 With the dew of Memory's tears.

MY HOME.

Yes, there is still one place on earth,
 Where'er my footsteps roam,
 Loved as the land that gave me birth,
 Dear as my childhood's home.

Husband and father, mother, friend,
 O'er many a grave I mourn,
 At the same altar still I bend,
 To the same temple turn.

Within Thy Church, oh God, my King,
 Thy Church, thy chosen bride,
 Still to my father's hand I cling,
 Nor leave my mother's side.

The Church, in triumph or in woe,
 One in the Father's eyes,

Guided by Him, His children go
 From earth to Paradise.

Then falter not, unwilling feet,
 Nor deem life's path forlorn,
 Ye soon shall rest till called to greet
 The Resurrection morn.

"MISERERE MEI, DEUS."

"Have mercy upon me, O God."—KING DAVID.

"God, be merciful to me a sinner."—PUBLICAN.

"All have sinned."—ST. PAUL.

"Miserere mei, Deus,"
 Faint the words and low,
 Royal purple, strewn with ashes,
 Kingly heart in woe.

"Miserere mei, Deus,
 Wash me white as snow."

"Miserere mei, Deus,
 Sinner though I be,
 Fearing in thy temple holy,
 E'en to look to Thee.

Miserere mei, Deus,
God be merciful to me !”

“Miserere mei, Deus,”
From each lip the cry,
“All have sinned, oh miserere,
All are doomed to die.

Miserere ! Miserere !
Son of God, Most High !

“Miserere mei, Deus,”
Every trembling word,
Sweet as incense swung from censer,
Riseth to the Lord.
See, He dies from death to free us,
“Miserere mei, Deus !”

TAKE, NOT MAKE.

“Take up thy Cross.”—CHRIST.

Take thy cross, if sent from Heaven,
Formed by hand divine,
Strength to bear it will be given,
If true cross be thine.

Seek not to make,
But humbly take.

For the cross thy hands could fashion,
Hard would be to bear,
Weighted down with pride and passion,
Rough with worldly care.
Ah, such a cross,
Were grievous loss.

But the cross thy Master sends thee,
Well befits thy need,
And a special grace attends thee
If thou’rt Christ’s indeed.
No useless pain,
No step in vain.

Bear that cross through days of sorrow,
On, though light grow dim,
Jesus gilds the dawning morrow,
Lift thine eyes to Him.
His will to know,
Then onward go.

On through thorns of self-denial,
Girt with faith and prayer,

On through bitter waves of trial,
 If His cross thou bear.
 Still pursuing,
 Ever doing.

Faint not, faint not, weary mortal,
 Weak from toil and loss,
 Lo, the light from Heaven's portal
 Flasheth on thy cross.
 Go, lay it down,
 And take thy crown!

I FEARED THE CLOUD.

"They feared as they entered into the cloud."

I feared the cloud, above my head
 It hung portentous, awful, dread,
 It darkened all my sky, and drew
 A pall of midnight o'er the blue.
 The songless bird, the shivering tree,
 The trembling flowers, all feared with me.

"Alas," I cried, in dire dismay,
 "The light, the bloom, has passed away,"

And as I spoke the thunder's roll,
 With added terror shook my soul ;
 The bird fell dead, the tree was rent,
 The trembling flowers to earth were bent,
 My breaking heart, my quivering form,
 Lay prostrate 'neath the cruel storm.

While grovelling thus, the storm was stilled,
 The cloud its mission had fulfilled,
 The air was pure, the song of bird
 The shining leaves with music stirred,
 The happy flowers, to meet the light,
 Rose glistening with the rain-drops bright,
 And, as I raised my weary head,
 A voice I knew, reproachful said,

"Ah, faithless soul, with sorrow bowed,
 Was I not with thee in the cloud ?
 And, if amid thy wild despair,
 One upward glance had turned in prayer,
 Thou wouldst have seen that I was near,
 Thy hand to hold, thy heart to cheer,
 And shouldst have known that come what
 would
 All things were working for thy good."

The gracious lesson, learned that day,
 Has ne'er been lost, nor thrown away,
 And though some cares, some sorrows still,
 My life must shade, my heart must fill,
 I lift the head with trouble bowed,
 And see my Saviour in the cloud.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

"I shall be satisfied."—KING DAVID.

If aught in me be good or true,
 That loving eyes can see,
 If aught but darkness meet their view,
 It shines my God from Thee.

Weak without Thee, in Thee I'm strong,
 Though helpless, poor, and blind,
 I in myself can find the wrong
 If e'er Thou seem unkind.

I hold Thy hand throughout the day,
 It clasps me through the night,
 If Thou but turn Thy smile away,
 No sun-lit scene is bright.

My wistful eyes beyond life's gloom,
 Can trace thy palace fair,
 The beams of glory that illumine,
 Stream down my path of care.

Without a cloud thy face to hide,
 I soon that face shall see,
 The heart which earth ne'er satisfied
 Its fullness find in Thee.

THE SISTERS.

The firelight flickered on the wall,
 A cricket chirruped nigh,
 As down we sat one winter night,
 My long tried friend and I.

No smile upon her face was seen,
 No gladness in her eyes,
 And oft the cricket's chirp between
 I caught her half-checked sighs.

Her grief was mine, my grief was hers,
 So truly we were one,
 That now our very forms but made
 One shadow in the sun.

When first she came I thought her hard,
Her burden sore to bear,
But as we longer journeyed on,
She daily grew more fair.

Ah, much self-knowledge she has taught,
Since taken to my heart,
And all her lessons, though severe
Brought healing with the smart.

Led by her hand we often seek
Her royal Master's feet,
While in His smile, her features seem,
'Though sad—yet strangely sweet.

As thus I mused, I felt a sigh,
Pass gently o'er my face,
I turned to meet my friend, but she
Had left her wonted place,

And at my side a maiden stood,
Oh, so divinely fair—
The calm of Heaven was on her brow,
Its brightness on her hair!

A simple robe of snowy white,
Fell softly to her feet,

Her lovely hands were meekly crossed
Upon her bosom sweet.

Beneath her tranquil, angel smile,
All trouble seemed to cease;
She whispered, as she kissed my brow,
"I'm Sorrow's sister—Peace."

"My sister, with her farewell sigh,
Sent me her place to fill,
We both are handmaids of our Lord,
And seek to do His will."

"Now, Sorrow's work with thee is o'er,
She taught thy heart to pray,
And led thy once reluctant feet
To tread the King's highway.

"From anxious care, from hopeless loss
I bring our King's release;
If Sorrow cometh with His Cross,
So also cometh—Peace."

